

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
DAILY EVENING STAR.

The undersigned proposes to publish, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained to justify the undertaking, a daily afternoon paper, to be called "The Daily Evening Star."

"The Star" is designed to supply a desideratum which has long existed at the Metropolis of the nation. Free from party trammels and sectarian influences, it will preserve a strict neutrality, and, whilst maintaining a fearless spirit of independence, will be devoted, in an especial manner, to the local interests of the beautiful city which bears the honored name of Washington, and to the welfare and happiness of the large and growing population within its borders. To develop the resources of the Metropolis—to increase and facilitate its mercantile operations—to foster and encourage its industrial pursuits—to stimulate its business and trade—to accelerate its progress in the path to power and greatness—these shall be the main objects of the paper.

"The Star" will also beam forth intelligence from all sections of the country, by telegraph and mail, and give it in a form so condensed as not to render it necessary to sift a bushel of chaff before finding a grain of wheat. The articles, editorial and selected, will be brief, varied, and sprightly. Nothing shall be admitted into its columns offensive to any religious sect or political party—nothing, in a moral point of view, to which even the most fastidious might object. It is the determination of the publisher to make it a paper which will be a welcome visitor to every family, and one which may be perused not only with pleasure, but with profit.

The editorial department will be under the direction of a gentleman of ability and tact.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Subscribers served by the carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$4 a year; \$2 for six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

In order to prevent persons having but a few lines to advertise paying an extravagant rate, the following schedule will be adopted:

For six lines or less.	For twelve lines or less.
1 insertion.....\$2.50	1 insertion.....\$5.00
2 "....." 5.00	2 "....." 10.00
3 "....." 7.50	3 "....." 15.00
1 week.....20.00	1 week.....35.00
2 "....." 40.00	2 "....." 70.00
3 "....." 60.00	3 "....." 105.00
1 month.....200.00	1 month.....350.00
2 "....." 400.00	2 "....." 700.00
3 "....." 600.00	3 "....." 1050.00

JOSEPH B. TATE.

MECHANICS' BANK, GEORGETOWN.

THIS INSTITUTION is now doing a General Banking Business. Office under the Union Hotel, corner Bridge and Washington streets, Georgetown, D. C. GEORGETOWN, (D. C.) 1852.

AN ARRIVAL AT BROWN'S HOTEL.

JUST RECEIVED FROM THE MANUFACTURER OF J. W. McADAM'S, BALTIMORE—One case of Patent Cork-Soled Boots One case of Genuine Sole Boots One case of Dress Boots For sale at the Fashionable Boot Store of J. McADAM, dec 4

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, responding to the repeated and urgent expressions of esteem and appreciation from persons in various sections of the country, have decided to commence on the first of January 1853, an entirely original Periodical, under the above title.

It is intended to combine the lighter characteristics of a popular magazine with the higher and graver qualities of a quarterly review, filling a position hitherto unoccupied in our literature.

While strict impartiality for the general reader is thus obtained, there will be an attempt to secure substantial excellence in each department.

To accomplish this we intend that the work in all its mechanical and business aspects shall be such as will meet the views of our most distinguished writers—such a medium as they would seek for in communicating with the world, and such as may tempt some to write ably and profitably who have not hitherto contributed to periodicals.

We intend that all articles admitted into the work shall be carefully edited.

We believe that an ample material exists for such a work; that there is no lack either of talent among our writers or of appreciation on the part of the reading public; and that a properly conducted periodical of this kind may bring to light much true genius as yet undeveloped.

"Putnam's Monthly" will be devoted to the interests of Literature, Science, and Art—in their latest and pleasiest aspects.

Entirely independent of all merely self-interests, or party or sectional feelings, in its management, it will be open to competent writers for free discussion of such topics as are deemed important and of public interest.

The editorial department will be wholly independent of the publishers, and as far as possible, of all personal influence or bias. Whosoever contributions of public abuse will be allowed a fair field without fear or favor.

An elevated national tone and spirit, American and independent, yet discriminating and just, both to the literature and to the social condition and prospects of both hemispheres, will be cultivated as a leading principle of the work.

Special attention will be given to matters connected with social policy, municipal regulations, public health and safety, and the practical economies of every day life.

While a subject needs illustration, or pictorial example such illustrations will be occasionally given; but it is not expected that the success of the work is to depend on what are termed "embellishments."

The following, among many others, have expressed their hearty approval of the plan, and will all give their general co-operation, while nearly all of them will be contributors to the work:

Washington Irving, R. B. Heber, Nathl Hawthorne, R. B. Kimball, Fitz Green Hallack, R. Waldo Emerson, Rev Dr Hawks, Mrs Kirkland, Hon E. G. Squier, Hon Geo Bancroft, Prof Henry Reed, Rev Dr Robinson, Dr D. Mitchell, Prof R. Silsbee, Jr., Miss Warner, author of "The World," Rev Dr Wayland, E. P. Whipple, Rev Wm Curtis, Mrs Cooper, Prof Gillespie, Rev Orville Dewey, Pres H. P. Tappan, Miss Sedgwick, H. W. Longfellow, Geo Sumner, W. C. Bryant, &c, &c.

A full list will be given hereafter. Price \$3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. Terms for clubs, &c will be given in separate circulars. Orders received by all bookellers throughout the United States and by the publishers.

G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE, New York. PUTNAM'S POPULAR LIBRARY is still continuing semi-monthly, dec 14

Daily Evening Star.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, 1852.

NO. 1

DAILY EVENING STAR.

(Written for the Evening Star.)

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Of all the stars that gem the sky,
Most beautiful thou art—
The brightest one that greets the eye,
The dearest to the heart.

By thee how many lovers plight
Thir warm and constant love,
'Till, through the silent shades of night,
Thou smilest from above!

How many hearts, in holy dreams,
To thee are turned at eve,
And feel as if thy glowing beams
Lit up their path to heaven!

When shining o'er the stormy deep,
Where angry billows roil,
How many put their faith in thee,
And safely reach the shore!

Then beam, oh gentle Star on me,
When dangers round me rise,
And guide my spirit up to thee,
To dwell in blissful skies!

F. McN.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER, 1852.

THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

"You seem happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a family where the husband and wife seemed more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntington, laughing, "you have used the word *seem* only twice in that short sentence. And now you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life before taking the fatal step. It is well Henry is not here to see the look of sadness in the eye of his bride elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette; talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about married life. I see so few who are really happy in this relation—I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come nearer to it than any one else. Don't you ever—"

"Quarrel? no, not often, now. We had our breaking in. I believe it must come to all, sooner or later."

"Do tell me about it, will you, Annette?" "Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it. I was a romantic girl, as you well know, Kate. Some few friends I had, when I loved dearly, but these friendships did not quite satisfy my heart. Now it happened that his dearest friend and I were first married, I used to ask myself—now, do I find in this life all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart always responded, yes, and more so. With us, the romance of married life, if I may call it so, held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement of feeling when we were together. I enjoyed riding and walking alone with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down alone together, to talk or read. For a long time I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be becomingly dressed, and to feel in tune. When, until, I made an effort to be social and cheerful if he was present. I had a great fear of getting into the way of sitting down stupidly with my husband, or of having nothing to talk about but the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read or heard or thought, to tell him, and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never silent for want of something to say. Thus we lived for a year or two. I was very happy. I think people were often surprised to see us doxistiae to enjoy each other's society with so much zest."

"But there was this about it. As yet I had nothing to try me. We were boarding; I had no care, and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ills and roughnesses which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last forever. He became more and more occupied in his business, and I at length had a house and a baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto, we had been devoted to each other; now the real cares of life pressed upon us so as often regilly to absorb our energies. I was the first to feel the change. It seemed to me as if something was overshadowing us. Sometimes I would get sentimental, and think he did not love me as he once did. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my first wrong step. Indulgence in these moods weakened my resolution. It was an injustice to him of which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me, too, with a wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged, which began to affect my spirits."

"I had for some time carried about this little sore spot in my heart. I kept the matter all to myself, for I was in part ashamed and in part too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no security of happiness in married life, but in the most perfect confidence."

"There came a season of damp, chilly weather. One morning I got up very irritable. I had taken cold; my head ached, and my baby had been worse for breakfast. The breakfast was burned to a cinder, the eggs were like bullets, the bread was half baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay, was execrable. My husband was very patient with

all this, until he came to the coffee, and said in a half vexed tone—

"I do wish we could ever have any good coffee, Annette. Why cannot you make it as mother does?"

"This was a drop too much for me, and I boiled over."

"You never think anything on our table fit to be eaten," said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice, "you had better live at home if you are not satisfied, or else provide me with decent servants. I cannot do everything—take care of my baby all night, and get the breakfast too."

"I did not know before that I was so very unreasonable," said he, in a tone of injured feeling.

"He sat a few moments, then rose, left his untasted breakfast, put on his hat and went off. When I heard the shut behind him, all my temper melted away, and I went into my room, locked myself in, sat down and cried like a child. This was the first cross word I had ever spoken to my husband. It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us. I worked myself up to such a pitch of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands."

"O, it is all over with us," thought I; "we shall never be happy together again in this world." This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. "He need not have spoken so to me, at any rate," said I, out loud; "he might have seen how I felt; it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not a bit kind in him. It is plain enough he does not care for my comfort as he once did. Then to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him. It is really too bad."

"Don't look so dreadfully sober, Kate," My baby cried just here, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances; yet I had gone far enough to get well on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection that, if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was dreadfully sorry that I had spoken cross to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry, too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would exhibit no signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

"So I behaved myself, that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with unusual care, and went down to Old Bridget to give some very particular directions about the dinner. I said this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for that first dinner, good as his mother could cook. To wince the edge of my delicate reproach, I made, with my own hands, a most excellent cup of coffee."

"One o'clock came at last, though I thought it never would: the door opened, and I heard his quick step in the hall. Of all things in this world, he was whistling! He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the morning's cloud had disappeared, and as he sat down he looked around with a pleased expression."

"Why, Annette," said he, "what a nice dinner!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said I, in a subdued tone.

"Capital," said he, "the best roast we have had this season."

"He was so much taken up with my delicate reproaches as not to notice that I was out of spirits. I was half pleased and half provoked; but I kept rather still, making little conversation excepting in reply to him."

"After dessert I handed him his cup of coffee. He was astonished. 'Why, Annette,' said he, 'I do believe you went to work today to see what you could do.'"

"He had hit the truth, though without the least suspicion of the cause. My first impulse was to be honest and cut with it by replying, 'it is as good as your mother makes!' This would have given him the key to the whole story—he would have ferreted it all out, and we should have settled it there; but I felt ashamed to. I sipped my coffee in silence. The golden moments passed, and my good angel took its flight—pride had the day. I even began to be vexed at his enjoying a good dinner so much, and so easily forgetting what had caused me so much suffering. He was very busy on that day, and did not stay with me as long as usual to chat, but went off whistling even more cheerily than when he came."

"I went up into the nursery and sat down to think it over. 'Baby was asleep; the rain was pattering against the windows, the wind was rising, and to me the world looked dreary enough. I had tired myself all out getting up such a dinner, and now the excitement was over, and I felt the reaction, I began to ask myself what I had got for it. Just nothing at all. My husband either did not or would not see that there was anything to be reconciled about. I blamed him for his insensibility. 'Once,' thought I, 'he would have noticed any change in my voice, or any shadow which came over my spirits. Now, I can really be cross to him and he does not mind it at all.'"

"I had a doleful afternoon of it. I was restless enough; trying first one employment and then another, but finding nothing which would suit. I went down to tea, farther, if anything, from the right point than I had been at noon. I sat dejected and silent. My husband tried once or twice to engage me in conversation, without success."

"Annette," said he at length, in a kind tone, "do you not feel well to day?"

"Not very," said I, with a sigh.

"What is the matter?"

"My head aches; the baby kept me awake almost all night."

"This was the truth, but only in part and I felt guilty as I said it. Then he begged me to go and lie down on the sofa in the parlor; and said he would read to me anything which I would like to hear."

"I felt that this was kind in him. It was like old times: the new times, you see, had been but a day, but to me it seemed very long; yet it was not what I wanted. I wished to have the trouble cleared away, not bridged over; and I determined to hold out until it should come to this, and he should see and feel that I could not be made happy after a cross word, without a scene of mutual contrition and forgiveness. So I would not stay and be read to, but told him I must go to bed. I left him in his easy chair, with his study lamp, and book, and bright fire, in regular-bachelor style, and went off into the nursery, and then to bed, and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Kate, as if you thought I was a fool. I think so myself, now."

"How did it all end, Annette?" "I held out a week, becoming every day more sad and sulky, I may as well call it. When I was left alone, I used to take my baby up and cry over him, as if my husband was dead, and the child was all I had left in the world. Dear me! how unhappy I was, and every day added to it. I would find something in his conduct to pain me every time we met. Either he was too attentive, or not attentive enough; talked too much or too little."

"He bore with my ill humor most patiently, thinking I was ill. One day he came home, and told me he had obtained a week's leave of absence, and had engaged a conveyance, and I must fix up myself and baby, and be ready to start off in an hour. He was going to take me to my mother's. 'We may as well have a journey as pay doctor's bills,' Annette, said he, 'and as to having you trooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up our house, run away from all care, and have some fun.'"

"He looked up so kindly, I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out, to think how ugly I had been; but there was no time then to talk it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I resolved that I would tell him the whole story, from beginning to end. The moment I came to this determination, the load was gone: my heart seemed as light as a feather; the expression of my countenance changed, and the tones of my voice were light and cheerful. I was conscious of it, and he noticed it as soon as I joined him at the appointed hour. 'We may as well stay at home now,'"

"That will do, Kate. The rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party."

"No, no, Annette, that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell me how you settled it."

"Well, we rode on enjoying the change until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour—everything about it was beautiful and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it, they were dropping down upon the baby. My husband turned and saw them."

"Why, Annette," said he, with the utmost surprise, 'what is the matter?'"

"O, I am so sorry," said I.

"Sorry for what, love," said he, 'are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?'"

"I am so sorry," said I, 'that I have been so ugly this week.'"

"What do you mean?" said he, looking more and more puzzled."

"How can you help knowing?" said I. Then I began at the beginning, and told the whole story. How I rose feeling irritable, and was provoked to speak the first cross word; how he told me my things were not as nice as his mother's, and went off vexed; then how he got over it, and forgot all about it, and would not help me to feel good natured by saying he was sorry. How I had brooded over it all the week—how it had festered away in my heart and poisoned all my enjoyments. What torrents of tears I had shed when alone, as I thought it was all over with us, and we never should love again as we had once loved."

"He heard me through without making a single remark, and then burst into a loud laugh. 'I want to know Annette,' said he, 'if this is what ailed you all this week?'"

"Yes," said I. Upon this he checked our Dobbin and began to turn around."

"What are you going to do?" said I."

"Going back," said he, 'if this is all which is the matter with you.'"

"I laughed heartily as he did, for now my sin was confessed, I felt happy; but I pulled the other rein, and drew the whip lash over Dobbin's ears, and away he went like a bird towards my mother's home."

"But we made a resolution then, Kate, that if either had aught against the other, it should be settled before the sun went down; that we might go to sleep, if not 'at peace with all the world,' at least with each other forgiving and forgiven. This resolution we have faithfully kept, and I have never seen another week of such misery as I have been telling you about, and I trust I never shall. I hope you will find in your new relations, Kate, all the enjoyment we now do. This is the best wish I can offer you—and that your first cross word may be your last."

"It is a magical fact, that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with mustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument."

"REWARD OF MERIT.—"Sam, said one little urchin to another, "does your school-master ever give you any reward of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder "he gives me a lickin' regularly every day, and says I merit two!"

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

"I can't paint but I can draw," as the Spanish dy said to the artist.

Several children in Boston have been baptized in water brought from the river Jordan.

As man cultivates his intellectual faculties, he learns to mistrust his instincts.

It has been discovered that where a lot of boarders are fed upon sausages for some time, they begin to growl.

"One of the rarities of life," says Eliza Cook, "is a woman thoroughly satisfied with her daughter-in-law."

"Cornelius, how do you define a corn?" "A corn—why, it is something which troubles a man who gets tight in his boots."

There is a club in New York called the "Unknown Club," whose being, end, and aim is to have a good time of it.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

If you wish to know how quick you can run a mile, tell a read-headed woman that her baby squalls.

Youth may sometimes afford a lesson to maturity. All horse pistols have been superseded by the revolvers of a Civil.

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling. "And yet," said he, "with all our difference, we never fall out."

Attraction, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart that seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will not seek in vain.

Definition: Snow, Winter's dressing gown, Ice, the sheet of the rivers bed. Idiot, Nature's pendants, manufactured from the gems of the purest water.

A Southern editor in giving an account of some rascals who stole two horses belonging to preachers at a campmeeting, says it should teach clergymen to "watch as well as pray."

The popularity in politics is to see your name in large type posted to a fence. Somebody will inquire who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear.

An Israelite in Boston was arrested for working at his trade on Sunday. His defence was that he observed the seventh day, and it was deemed sufficient.

A member of the lazy society was complained of last week, by another, for running. His defence was, that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run. They "let him slide."

The Toledo Blade tells the story of a chap on their road, who, apprehending a collision of the cars, put his life preserver on, and leaning back against the side of the car, resigned himself to his fate.

A person meeting an old man with silver hair, and a very black, bushy beard, asked so gray as the hair of his head? "Because," said the old gentleman, "it is twenty years younger!"

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent picture of Daniel in the Lion's den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his left arm."

"Are you in fun or in earnest?" said a fellow to one who was giving him some smart cuts with a cow-skin.

"I'm in earnest," replied the other, laying it on somewhat harder.

"I'm glad of it," said the first one, "for I don't like such fun."

A lady paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked why she wore the widow's garb so long. "Dear mamma, don't you see," replied the daughter: "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see I am for sale by private contract."

A dandy lawyer remarked, one summer day, that the weather was so extensively hot that when he put his head in a basin it fairly boiled. "Then, sir," was the reply, "you have calf's head soup at very little expense."

A book was printed during the time of Cromwell, with the following title: "Eggs and Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."

When the venerable Pebbles Worthy was in New York, he asked a pipe-smoking old Dutchman the origin of the name of Tammany Hall. "Vy, you see," said Hans, "even the beebies has a meeting in the Hall, it holds tam many!"

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

The young man whose ambition towered so high that he would not follow his father's profession upon any consideration, finally obtained a situation commensurate with his talent—that of grinding a street organ for a dancing-monkey. Genius will triumph.

A certain Judge, rather elevated with the juice of the grape, entered a barber's shop to get shaved. After the business was accomplished he tendered the barber a sixpence for his labor, who took it and returned three cents change.

"How is this?" exclaimed his honor, "you have always charged me sixpence for shaving; and here you have taken out but three cents."

"True," replied the barber, "but at this time you were half shaved when you came in."

REWARD OF MERIT.—"Sam, said one little urchin to another, "does your school-master ever give you any reward of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder "he gives me a lickin' regularly every day, and says I merit two!"